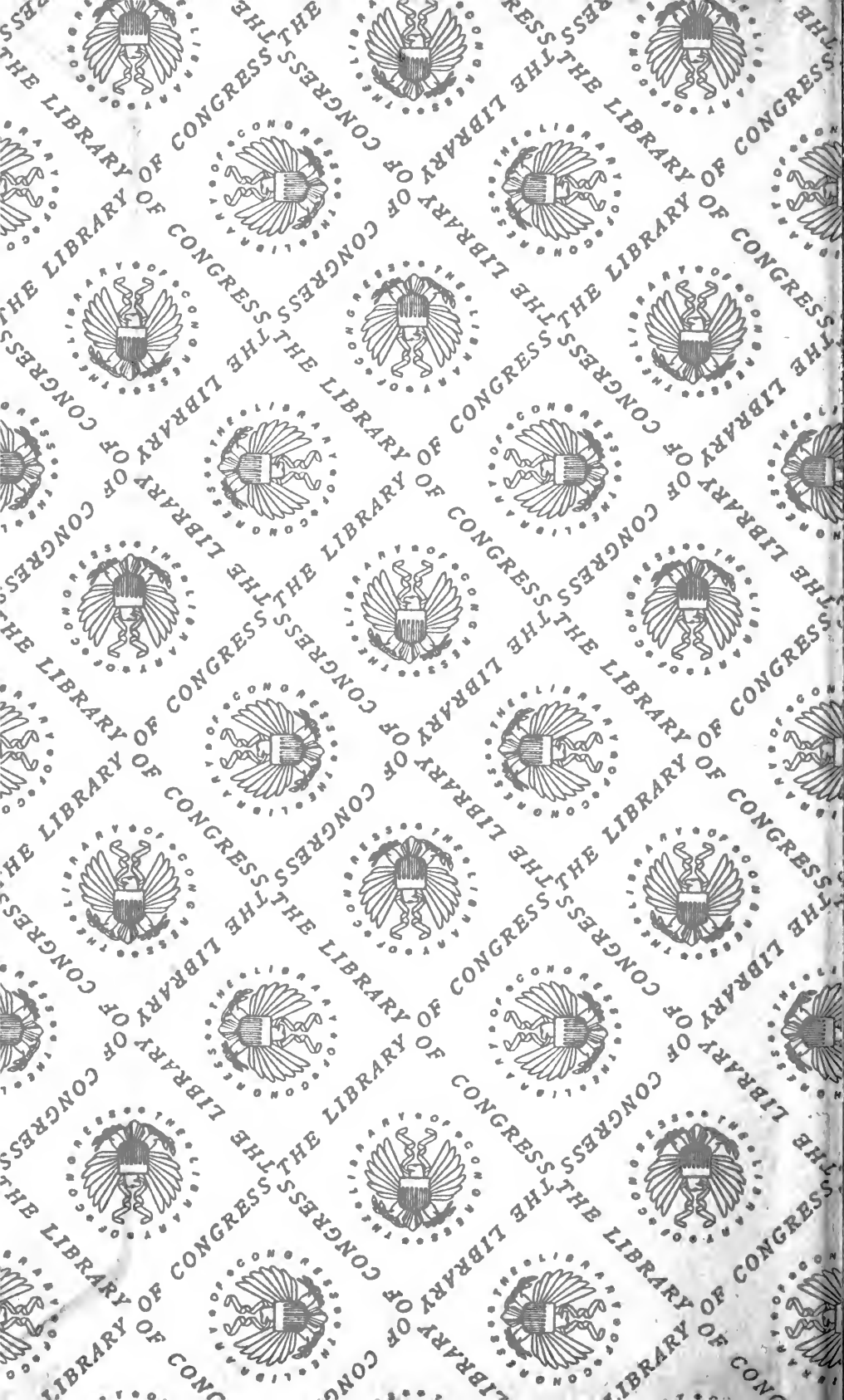
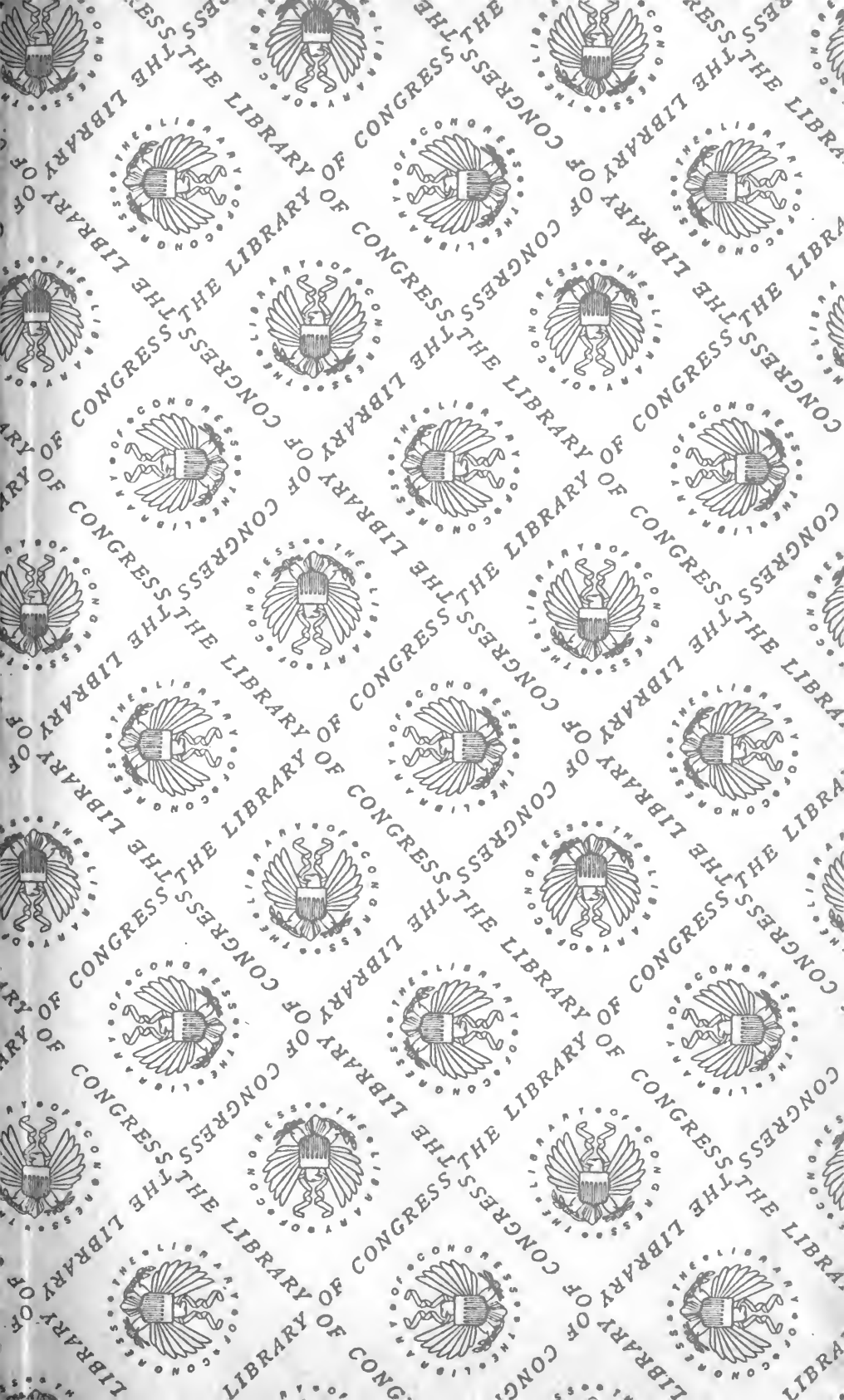


PS 2429

.M35 H3









THE HAUNTED MILL;

—OR—

Con O'Ragen's Secret.

AN IRISH DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS.

—BY—

Bernard F. Moore.

—O—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

Entered according to the act of Congress in the year 1893, by
AMES' PUBLISHING CO.,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

—O—

—CLYDE, OHIO:—

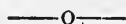
AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

PS2429
M35H3

THE HAUNTED MILL.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

CON O'RAGEN.....	<i>A truehearted lad</i>
FRANK DALTON.....	<i>A young American</i>
SQUIRE CORRIGAN.....	<i>A landlord.</i>
MURTY TOBIN.....	<i>Known at the "Fox."</i>
BOB JACKSON.....	<i>A detective.</i>
NORAH O'KELLEY.....	<i>The village beauty.</i>
MRS. O'KELLEY.....	<i>Norah's mother.</i>
MRS. CORRIGAN.....	<i>A deserted wife.</i>
MAUREEN.....	<i>Norah's maid.</i>



COSTUMES.

SQUIRE.—Black coat and pants, dark blue vest, silk hat, walking cane.

FRANK.—Black coat, vest, pants, frock coat, black derby hat, kid gloves.

MURTY.—Knee breeches, red stockings, shoes and red cap.

CON.—Knee breeches, red stockings, slippers and soft felt hat.

BOB.—Dark gray suit and stiff hat.

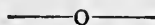
NORAH.—1st. White muslin dress, blue sash. 2nd. A white dress, jewels and lace veil.

MRS. O'KELLEY.—1st. Blue dress. 2nd. A dark red dress.

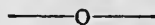
MRS. CORRIGAN.—1st. An old calico dress and shawl. 2nd. A plain white dress.

MAUREEN.—A red petticoat, dark green bodice, short sleeves, black stockings, and a white hood and cloak.

NOTE.—The costume worn by Frank Dalton as the priest, may be either a priest's cassock, or a black suit of broadcloth, and white collar.



TIME—1¾ HOURS.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

The Haunted Mill ;

—OR,—

CON O'RAGEN'S SECRET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A table L., chairs, door R. and L., dishes on table, window C., MAUREEN washing dishes as curtain rises. Music—
“Last Rose of Summer.”

Maureen. (singing)

“’Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,”

(stopping suddenly) I thought I heard some one singing.

Con. (outside singing)

“As I strolled out one morning,
A fair maiden I did spy.”

Mau. It's that scamp, Con. I wonder what brings him here now?

Enter, CON O'RAGEN, R.

Con. (bowing) Top o' the mornin' to ye, Miss Maureen.

Mau. (also bowing) The same to you, Con.

Con. Oh! but you're lookin' bright and beautiful this mornin',
accushla.

Mau. Stop your flattery Con, or I'll leave the room!

Con. (In amazement) Leave the room is it? Mother of Moses,
Maureen, ye wouldn't be so cruel.

Mau. (indifferently) Why? I don't see anything cruel in that.

Con. You don't, don't ye?

Mau. (shaking head) No.

Con. But sure I do. What would the likes of me be after doin'
in this kitchen all be meself?

Mau. As for that, ye won't be alone long. I'll send Miss Norah
to ye.

Con. The devil take Miss Norah!

Mau. (sharply) Con, what are you saying?

Con. (hunbly) I ax yer pardon, Miss Maureen, but ye know very
well I didn't come to see Miss Norah.

Mau. (in pretended surprise) Not to see Norah? Who then pray,
did you come to see?

THE HAUNTED MILL.

Con. (*aside*) The little witch. (*aloud*) Yourself, of course.

Mau. What do you want to see me for?

Con. Oh! just to tell ye of me great regard for ye.

Mau. Indeed! (*aside*) It's coming. (*aloud*) I'm sure, I am very thankful for the kind thoughts ye have entertained for the likes of me.

Con. Ye're welcome to them, darlin'. (*aside*) Brace up Con, ye robber, sure ye're gettin' there foinely. (*aloud*) Maureen, I've a great secret to tell ye.

Mau. A secret? What is it, Con? I do, so love to hear a secret.

Con. Yis, mosht wimen do.

Mau. (*pouting*) I think you're real mean.

Con. I was only jokin' darlin'. But about the secret; ye promise not to tell anyone?

Mau. Of course I promise not to tell.

Con. Well ye see, Maureen, I'm takin' desperate chances. I know of a great many wimen who can't kape a secret.

Mau. But I won't tell, Con. Didn't I promise?

Con. Come here then. Bend yer head. Now do ye know, their is a certain girl that I think a great deal of. She's an awful pretty girl, with rosy cheeks, and black eyes, an' hair the color of her eyes.

Mau. (*aside*) My heart stops beating. (*aloud*) Well what's this lovely girl's name?

Con. Her name is it?

Mau. Yes.

Con. Her name—Ye won't tell anyone?

Mau. Oh, pshaw! How many times must I promise? Didn't I promise already?

Con. To be sure ye did. But thin ye musht remember ye're a woman.

Mau. Oh, indeed? Then you think a woman can't keep a secret?

Con. Well I am positive, that I know a great many wimen that can't!

Mau. (*in a temper*) Well, if you think I can't keep your old secret, you need not tell it to me!

Con. (*coaxingly*) Darlin', I haven't said I wouldn't thrust ye with it, have I?

Mau. Then why don't you tell it to me? What's her name?

Con. Her name is—

Mau. (*anxiously*) Yes, yes!

Enter, NORAH O'KELLEY, L.

Norah. Good morning, Con, I am glad to see you.

Con. Good mornin' Miss Norah, and God bless ye!

Norah. Thank you, Con.

Con. (*aside*) If she had only staid out a minute longer, I'd a told Maureen that wonderful secret.

Norah. (*inquiringly*) What were you telling Maureen, when I entered the room so unexpectly, Mr. O'Ragen?

Con. (*aside*) Now for a lie. (*aloud*) I was just (*shakes fist at MAUREEN, behind NORAH'S back*) tellin' Maureen about the rows and ructions I had when I went to Dublin with Tim Farrell.

Norah. Indeed! You had great times no doubt?

Mau. They were drinking and fighting all the time, Miss Norah.

Con. Now, who tould ye to spake?

Mau. (*pretending to be angry.*) I have just as much right to talk in this house as you!

Con. That's what ye think!

Mau. No! it ain't what I think, it's what I know!

Norah. I'll settle all further dispute. Maureen go and help mother make the beds. (*MAUREEN exit, L., pouting*) Mr. O'Ragen, I wish to have a few words with you.

Con. Yis, Miss.

Norah. Now Con, we are alone. (*looks around room*) You saw Frank—Mr. Dalton? You bring me a message? (*appealingly*) Oh! say you do?

Con. Yis, Miss Norah, I do.

Norah. (*joyously*) Please give it to me, Con. Don't keep me waiting. (*impatiently*) Do you hear?

Con. (*giving her letter*) Here it is, Miss Norah, just as clane as whin I received it.

Norah. (*kisses letter and reads aloud*) "Dear, Norah, meet me to-night at the ruined chapel. Yours lovingly, Frank."

During the reading of the letter, the face of MURTY TOBIN appears at window and then disappears again.

Con. That man's in love up to his ears.

Norah. I love Frank Dalton better than my own life. If anything should happen to Frank, I don't know what I would do!

Con. Whin a man or woman is in love, it's the only time in their lives, that aither have bin raley foolish.

Norah. (*indignantly*) Con O'Ragen, how can you have the assurance to talk so?

Con. Faith, I know what I say is true. Ain't I in love meself.

Norah. (*laughingly*) You in love? Oh! dear, it's impossible.

Con. Nothing is impossible in this world.

Norah. Very true. (*CON starts L.*) Where are you going, Con?

Con. To find Maureen, an' to tell her what I was tryin' to, when ye interrupted me by enterin' the room. (*exit, L.*)

Norah. Faithful Con, what a friend you have been to the family. (*looks at letter*) Poor Frank, how lonely you must be. I wish you were here. (*a knock at door, R.*) Perhaps that's him. Come in!!

Enter, MURTY TOBIN, R. E.

Murty. Good mornin', Miss Norah.

Norah. (*indignantly*) Sir! What brings you here?

Murty. (*humbly*) I ax yer pardon, if I intrude.

Norah. You do intrude. Did I not forbid you ever to come again.

Murty. Sure I know ye did, accushla.

Norah. Then why do you come? You waited like a snake in the grass, before you entered. If Con O'Ragen was here, you would never dared show your ugly face within the door!

Murty. (*growing angrily*) Them's hard wourds, Miss.

Norah. Still they are true. You are mortally afraid of O'Ragen.

Murty. (*savagely*) I know all that, but some day I'll git the apper hand of him, and thin look out for throuble!

Norah. You never will if you live to be as old as Adam. But I waste words with you. What brought you her? What do you want?

Murty. To see ye.

Norah. (*proudly*) Well here I am. What do you want of me?

Murty. Sure I bring ye a message.

Norah. A message from whom? Not Mr. Dalton?

Murty. No! yer own thrue love!

Norah. I don't nnderstand. It must be from Mr. Dalton?

Murty. No, Miss Nora, it's not from him.

Norah. (*in a temper*) Then who is it from? Why don't you speak? Have you lost the use of your tongue?

Murty. (*looking around*) It's from Squire Corrigan.

Norah. (*in astonishment*) Squire Corrigan! Why he is already married, and besides a total stranger to me.

Murty. He was married ye mane.

Norah. Not was, but is.

Murty. Ye wrong him there. His wife died in Dublin.

Norah. It must have been a blessing to the poor woman to be rid of such a monster.

Murty. Monster is it? Ain't he one of the richest men in Ireland? And ye know he's not bad lookin'.

Norah. Oh! yes, I know all that; but do you also know, your master is one of the biggest rascals unhung in Ireland to-day?

Murty. Aisy me gurl! Ye should be more rhespectful in speaking of yer future lord and master.

Norah. Look here Mr. Murty Tobin, thief, traitor and the Lord knows what else; I would not marry Squire Corrigan, if he was the last man on earth. Now go and tell your master what I said!

(*exit, L. E.*)

Murty. Ho! ho! But our burd's flyin' high.

Enter, MAUREEN, R. E.

Mau. Get out of this kitchen you imp of the devil, and don't leave the track of your feet on the floor.

Murty. So their's another one is there. I'm goin' me pritty maid.

Mau. None of your flattery. Sure the house is darker since you entered, you ugly looking wretch.

Murty. I'm goin'—

Mau. Well be after doing it in a hurry.

Murty. Afther I have a kiss from those ruby lips. (*embraces her*)

Mau. (*struggling*) Help! help!

Enter, CON, L. E.

Con. What's the matter here?

Murty. (*frightened*) Con O'Ragen!

(*runs to R. E., followed by CON, who kicks him out*)

Con. Take that with me compliments, ye robber.

Mau. Catch me, Con, I—I—am going to faint.

Con. All right me darlin'. (*she falls in his arms*) Begorra she has collapsed. (*looks at her face*) How temptin' her lips look. (*looks around room*) I wondher if any one's lookin'. No. All seems to be quiet. Well here goes. (*kisses her*) Oh! but that's swate.

(*kisses her again, she springs from his arms*)

Mau. How dare you do such a thing.

Con. Oh! ye mushtn't moind a little thing loike that. Wait until we're married, and I'll be kissin' and huggin' fhrum mornin' until night. (*MAUREEN makes a face at him*) But all jokin' aside; ye watch over Miss Norah, and I'll take care of Murty and his masther.

(*exit, R. E.*)

Man. (*goes to window and calls*) Con, you forgot something. (*pouting*) Oh! dear, he's too far away to hear me. He's gone and forgot to tell me that awful secret.

SCENE II.—Woods Scene—music.

Enter, MURTY and SQUIRE, R. E.

Squire. (R.) Well, you delivered my message? What did she say?

Murty. (*limping*) I'm positive I delivered yer message. (*feeling under his coat tails*) I have a remindher of it here!

Squire. (*smiles*) Hum! kicked out were you?

Murty. Yes, and it's lucky for me the door was open, or I'd wint through the wall.

Squire. Yes, yes, but what did she say to the message you brought her?

Murty. She stuck up her pritty nose, an' tould me to tell ye, she wouldn't wed ye, if ye were the last man on earth.

Squire. (*savagely*) She laughed at my advances, hey? She scorned my wealth and offer of marriage, did she?

Murty. (*limping*) Yes, an' threatened to tell Con O'Ragen, if I iver wint there again.

Squire. (*in a passion*) Curse that Irishman, he'll ruin all by his meddling. (*suddenly*) Murty, Con O'Ragen must be put out of the way!

Murty. (*feeling coat tails*) I'll attend to him, Squire. I've a score to settle with the devil, an' I'll yet have his life, or he'll have mine.

Squire. Norah O'Kelley shall become my wife, by fair means or foul.

Murty. An' I'll stick to ye through thick and thin.

Squire. (*shaking his hand*) Good for you, Murty. Did you tell Norah I was a widower?

Murty. Yes, Squire.

Squire. Did she make any remarks about the late Mrs. Corrigan?

Murty. That it was a blessin' to the poor woman to be rid of such a monster.

Squire. (*furiously*) Curse her, I'll tame her yet! Did she have any suspicions?

Murty. No! I tould her yer late lamented woife, died in Dublin. But whist, Squire, the neighbors are talkin'.

Squire. (*contemptuously*) Let them talk, the poor ignorant fools. They are afraid of their own shadows.

Murty. I know that well enough; but I saw Con, prowlin' around the ould mill last night.

Squire. Let him prowl. Our bird is safely caged.

Murty. (*rubbing his hands*) Yes, she's as safe as if she was in her grave.

Squire. (*vehemently*) I wish she was! she's the only obstacle in the way, to hinder me from marrying fair Norah O'Kelley.

Murty. (*in a whisper*) Aisy master, I've a great thing to tell ye.

Squire. (*impatiently*) Out with it then. What is it?

Murty. I was hiding in the woods to-day, when who should come along but young Dalton.

Squire. The American. (*meditating*) Is he in my way too? But go on! go on!

Murty. Pritty soon along came Con; they meet an' began to talk. I was to far away to hear what they said. Before they parted Dalton gave him a letter.

Squire. (in surprise) A letter?

Murty. Yis! (nods his head) I followed Con, he wint straight to the Widow O'Kelley's an' gave it to Norah.

Squire. (in deep thought) Did you learn the contents of the letter?

Murty. (triumphantly) Thrust the "Fox" for that!

Squire. Yes, the name is well bestowed on you.

Murty. Well to continue, I hid beneath the window an' heard Norah read it.

Squire. (in approval) Oh! Murty you're a jewel, but what did the letter say?

Murty. (shrugging shoulders) That he'd meet her to-night—

Squire. (excitedly) Meet her to-night! Where?

Murty. At the ruined chapel.

Squire. (exultingly) Good! I'll be there, too. One knock on the head will silence Dalton, and when to-morrow's sun rises, haughty Norah O'Kelley will be in my power. Come on Murty.

(*exeunt, L.*)

Enter, CON, R. E.

Con. (looking after SQUIRE and MURTY) There goes two of the biggest divils in Ireland, unhung. I wonder what new divilment they were hatchin'? Nothing good I'll be bound. (*looks off R.*) Hello! Here comes that stranger, who is makin' all the inquires about Squire Corrigan an' Murty Tobin. I wonder who he is an' what he wants?

Enter, BOB JACKSON, R. E.

Bob. (bowing) Good morning my honest Irish friend.

Con. (stiffly) Good mornin' yerself.

Bob. Will you do me a favor?

Con. That depends. What is the favor ye want?

Bob. Can you give me any information about those two men walking down the road?

Con. Divil abit yer honor.

Bob. But you might try.

Con. What is it you wish to know?

Bob. Merely a few little points about the past lives of those men.
(*points after the SQUIRE and MURTY*)

Con. Foire away thin.

Bob. Was not Squire Corrigan married?

Con. He was.

Bob. What became of his wife?

Con. No one knows. (*mysteriously*) She disappeared one night an' was never seen again.

Bob. Oh, ho! never seen again.

Con. That's the gospel truth. She was last seen walkin' in the direction of the ould mill with her husband.

Bob. Yes!

Con. Whin the neighbors inquired for her an' him, they were tould by his servants, their masther wint to Dublin.

Bob. Yes! And how long did the Squire remain away?

Con. A month or so. When he returned he had a yard of crape on his hat.

Bob. And when people asked of his wife, what answer did he make them?

Con. With many a groan and sigh, he would point to his hat an' say, "My darlin' wife was suddenly taken ill in Dublin, with a contagious fever an' died." Of course Murty Tobin had to tell the same story.

Bob. (*savagely*) A damned scheming pair of rascals, both of them.

Con. I agree with ye, sir!

Bob. See here my friend, you seem to be an honest sort of a chap, and I've taken a great fancy to you.

Con. Thank ye, sir! an' I done the same to ye.

Bob. Shake on that. (*shake hands*) We will work together in running those devils to earth?

Con. With all me heart.

Bob. One more question and I'm done. To whom does that old mill down the road belong?

Con. That belongs to the estate of the Widow O'Kelley. A murder has committed there one night, an' ever since the place is said to be haunted.

Bob. Do you believe in ghosts?

Con. No! yer honor, I do not.

Bob. Goo! for you my boy!

Con. An' now I'd like to ask you a question.

Bob. Oh! a dozen if you like.

Con. One is sufficient, sir!

Bob. Well, go on!

Con. Well, who the devil are ye?

Bob. Oh! a common ordinary man.

Con. Yis, but a common, ordinary man don't be afther axing all the questions ye do.

Bob. Your a sharp fellow, and would make a goo! detective.

Con. I didn't live in America for tin years, not to have me eye teeth cut. There is something strange in your manner.

Bob. Why do you think so?

Con. The way ye bave of followin' the Squire an' the "Fox."

Bob. I'll tell you, if you promise not to tell anyone.

Con. (*proudly*) Con O'Ragen never breaks his word.

Bob. I believe you. Now to tell you who I am.

Con. Yis!

Bob. My name is Robert Jackson, a detective from Scotland Yard.

Con. (*in astonishment*) Thin ye're a man-hunter!

Bob. Yes, if you wish to call the members of my profession such.

Con. An' what has Corrigan been doin'?

Bob. You remember his late wife?

Con. Of course I do!

Bob. She was my sister.

Con. Are ye tellin' me the truth?

Bob. (*sadly*) I am! When our father died, he left all his property to myself and sister. Squire Corrigan married her and brought her to Ireland. Six months ago I received a letter from her, telling me her fortune had mysteriously vanished. Where it went she did not know. When Corrigan married her he was a poor man, now he is reported to be immensely rich.

Con. Ye don't think he killed his wife to get her fortune?

Bob. I don't know what to think. But I shall never leave Ireland, until I have solved this mystery.

Con. (*fervently*) An' I'll do all in me power to help ye.

Bob. (*approvingly*) Good! I'll tell you what to do. Meet me to-morrow morning at the Widow O'Kelley's home. Then we will arrange a plan to visit the old mill to-morrow night and trap the ghosts.

Con. Niver fear, I'll be there. Begorra, Corrigan, I wouldn't like to be in yer shoes jist now. (*exeunt, R.*)

Enter, MAUREEN, R. E.

Mau. I wonder what became of Con this morning when he followed Murty Tobin from the house; I'd like to see him now, and learn that great secret.

Enter, MURTY, R. E.

Murty. (*overhearing her last words*) Won't I do jist as well?

Mau. (*in surprise*) The Lord save me if it ain't that imp of the devil, Murty Tobin.

Murty. Yis, me pritty one.

Mau. None of your honeyed words to me, sir!

Murty. Ye'd bittther spake civil to me, me gurl.

Mau. (*tauntingly*) Bah! I don't fear you nor your master either.

Murty. (*warningly*) Have a care, shmarter people than ye have fallen.

Mau. Like you disposed of Mrs. Corrigan.

Murty. (*frightened—aside*) Hell and fury, can she suspect. (*aloud*) What do ye mean by such a remark?

Mau. Oh! you know well enough what I mean.

Murty. (*savagely*) Ye know to much me gurl. Ye mhust come with me; ye'll ruin all.

Mau. Don't you dare to touch me, you vile wretch.

Murty. Oh, ho! I like yer spunk, but come with me ye mhust. (*seizes her*)

Mau. (*screams*) Help! help!

Murty. (*in a passion*) Curse ye, kape quiet. Do ye want to wake the dead?

Man. (*calls*) Help! help! (*struggles all the time*)

Murty. (*furiously*) Shut up, or I'll strangle ye.

Mau. (*beseechingly*) Oh! my God, will no one come to my aid?

Murty. (*exultingly*) No one, ye are here alone an' defenseless. In a few minutes ye will be safe undher lock and key.

Mau. You won't dare do such a thing. Help! help!

Murty. She's fainted an' there's no one to help her. (*faints—falls*)

Enter, CON, L. E.

Con. Ye lie, ye thief!

Murty. (*starts back*) The O'Ragen! Curse ye, will ye niver cease to cross me path?

Con. Not while such virmin as ye, crawl on the earth.

Murty. This will rid me of yer hated presence.

(*draws knife and rushes at CON*)

Con. (coolly) Then yer an assassin as well as a thief. (*draws revolver and strikes MURTY on the head, MURTY falls insensible*) That will settle ye for a while. I declare! I forgot Maureen. (*bends over and lifts her in his arms*) She's only fainted, I will carry her down to Miss Norah, an' leave her there. (*exit, L., with MAUREEN*)

Murty. (*rising and feeling his head*) Oh! me head. (*groans*) He nearly cracked it whin he struck me, (*groans*) but I'll have my revenge. (*limps off R.*)

SCENE III.—*A ruined Chapel—midnight—lights down—grave-yard—moonlight falling on the tombstones—slow music.*

Enter, NORAH, R. E.

Norah. (*looking around*) Frank, dear Frank. Where are you Mr. Dalton? My heart is in such a flutter. The place seems so still, not even the wind stirring the leaves of the trees. How happy the people must be who sleep in yonder graves. I can't see him. Can anything have befallen him? I hope not! I fear something is going to happen. My heart seems as heavy as lead. (*exit, L.*)

Enter, SQUIRE and MURTY, R. E.

Murty. (*in a low tone*) Sure, didn't I tell ye she'd come? I know what an attraction a young man is to a gurl.

Squire. (*reflecting*) Yes, she has truly come to meet him.

Murty. (*in a whisper*) Let's carry her off now.

Squire. All right. Have you the chloroform ready?

Murty. 'Yis.

Squire. Then when I give the signal, be ready. If she screams, the neighbors will think it's the ghost of the old mill,

Murty. Come on thin.

Squire. Be cautious and see where you are going. One misstep would spoil all. Hist! someone is coming. Hide quick.

(*they conceal themselves behind tombstones—back*)

Enter, FRANK DALTON, L. E.

Frank. (*in an anxious tone*) Norah! Norah! Not here yet? Strange, she never disappointed me before. There's a shadow flitting through the graves. It must be her.

Enter, NORAH, L. E.

Norah. Oh! Frank, I'm all in a tremble for fear you'd not come. I was so frightened, the place being so still.

Frank. Forgive me darling for keeping you waiting. I had to attend to some important business, which detained me longer than I thought.

(FRANK and NORAH converse in low tones—SQUIRE and MURTY rise)

Murty. They're both here now.

Squire. You attend to young Dalton, one blow on the head will settle him. I'll fix the girl.

Murty. 'Yis, come on.

SQUIRE and MURTY advance, MURTY strikes DALTON on the head, he falls to the stage insensible. The SQUIRE seizes NORAH, who screams, then chloroforms her, she sinks insensible in his arms.

Squire. (in an excited tone) Hurry up Murty, I heard an answering cry. (exit, L., carrying NORAH in his arms, followed by MURTY)

Enter, BOB and CON, R. E.

Con. Come on man, I heard some one scream in this direction.

Bob. So did I. (stumbles over the body of DALTON, who groans) Hello! what have we here? (strikes match and looks at the face of DALTON) Hello! who is this?

Con. Frank Dalton as I live! Then Norah O'Kelley is in the power of her deadly enemies!

Bob. Then heaven help her.

SLOW CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Same as Act I. MRS. O'KELLEY in rocking chair L. of table, knitting; MAUREEN, R., sewing; table L. C.

Mrs. O'Kelley. (in a sorrowful tone) Och, hone—och, hone, did I ever think I'd live to see the day when my darling child would be stolen away, and no one knows where or by whom.

Mau. Cheer up, Mrs. O'Kelley, remember every dark cloud has a silver lining.

Mrs. O'K. True for you darling, I know it's foolish to act this way, but I can't help it. No one knows a mother's love better than a mother.

Mau. Yes! yes! I know, but I am sure Norah wasn't murdered. Con says, when he heard the scream and rushed in among the graves, he found young Dalton insensible on the ground, and no signs of Norah anywhere. When Con questioned Dalton, all he said he remembered was a crashing blow on the head, and then all became a blank to him.

Mrs. O'K. And didn't he see who it was that struck him?

Mau. No! they stole up behind him.

Mrs. O'K. The cowardly wretches.

Mau. You may well say so; still I think it will all end well. Norah had not an enemy in the world, to my knowledge. She never harmed anyone that I know of. She refused to wed the Squire, and he swore to be revenged. If it was Squire Corrigan, who abducted Norah, Con will surely find her place of concealment, and then heaven help Corrigan and the "Fox."

Mrs. O'K. (fervently) God bless the dear boy! He has proven a friend to me and mine. He was the last to remain beside my dying husband. Poor Pat, he entrusted Norah and the estate to the care of the Con O'Ragen, and never was a duty more faithfully fulfilled. Con has been a father and a brother to Norah, God bless him!

Enter, CON, R. E.

Con. Mrs. O'Kelley, shure don't take on so about the missin' colleen. With the help of Dalton an' that chap from England, we'll run the guilty parties down.

Mrs. O'K. Heaven bless you Con, for those words of comfort; you don't know what a load you have taken off my heart. (*exit, L.*)

Mau. Con, have you no suspicions who the guilty ones are? Answer me, have you?

Con. Well ye see, Maureen, I didn't have much time since last night to form an opinion.

Mau. (*sharply*) Answer at once, sir! No use trying to get out of it; you suspect Corrigan and the "Fox," and so do I.

Con. It must be the witch ye are, gurl, to know who I suspect.

Mau. I'm no witch Con, or I'd soon find Norah's place of concealment. My suspicions are founded on facts. Who, but Squire Corrigan, would have any desire to abduct Norah?

Con. Well, to tell the truth, I do believe it was the Squire, in fact I know it was.

Mau. You know it was? Have a care, sir! Corrigan is rich and powerful.

Con. Bah! I fear neither him nor his riches. He ran off with Norah O'Kelley, an' if a hair of her head is harmed, I'll have Corrigan's worthless life.

Mau. But why are you so positive it was the Squire?

Con. Didn't she refuse to marry him? What would be a greater revenge to a rejected snitor, than to carry off the gurl who had refused to marry him, an' tame her proud spirit.

Mau. (*dejectedly*) True for you.

Con. Norah is a proud spirited gurl, an' would rather die, than yield to such a monsther. Why I say it was the Squire, is this. When I rushed up an' found Dalton insensible on the ground, I also found a letter addressed to Squire Corrigan, which he had lost. The letter was open, so I read it. It was from the captain of a smuggler, showin' that Corrigan is the head of the great band of smugglers, which infest the coast. If I was to show it to the police and soldiers, Corrigan's doom would be sealed.

Mau. And what do you intend to do with it?

Con. To hold it against him. If Norah is not returned within a reasonable time, safe and sound, woe betide the Squire.

Mau. Squire Corrigan and Murty Tobin are born devils.

Con. They are devils in the shape of men, but Jackson, the detective, left me last night, to follow up some clues, as he calls them. He promised to meet me here this morning; I'm growin' impatient. (*a knock at door, R.*) Perhaps that's him, Maureen go an' see.

(MAUREEN goes to door, R. and opens it, BOB enters and MAUREEN exits, door L.)

Con. I was growin' impatient at yer non-appearance. I thought ye had discovered somethin'.

Bob. Oh, no! All I found out is, that there is something mysterious about the old mill. (*looks around room*) Are we alone?

Con. We are.

Bob. Now to business.

Con. I'm all attention, sur!

Bob. I want you to meet me to-night, at the gate of the old mill. There is something very queer going on there at night. I saw lights flashing in the windows, last night.

Con. Sure, I have seen the same things meself.

Bob. Can you account for them?

Con. No, sur! I can't.

Bob. Were you ever in the old mill after dark?

Con. No, sir!

Bob. Would you be afraid to go there to-night with me, and ferret out the secrets of the old place?

Con. If it's anything to discover the whereabouts of Norah, I'm with ye heart an' soul.

Bob. All right, I'll go now and prepare for to-night. *(exit, R.)*

Con. I hope we'll be successful. I only want to see Norah safe under this roof again, an' thin Corrigan look out. *(exit, R.)*

Enter, MRS. O'KELLEY, L. E.

Mrs. O'K. Con, I wish to—*(looks around)* Oh! he's gone and before I could tell him what I wanted too. I wonder if he's in the yard? *(a knock at door, R.)* Some one knocks, I wonder who it can be? Come in.

Enter, SQUIRE, R. E.

Squire Corrigan, you here?

Squire. *(coldly)* Yes! Mrs. O'Kelley, I wish to speak to you on a very important subject.

Mrs. O'K. Indeed! What is it you wish to say!

Squire. Something that concerns you deeply; but be seated, please.

Mrs. O'K. *(indignantly)* How dare you come in my house?

Squire. *(coolly)* Pardon me, Mrs. O'Kelley, it belongs to me.

Mrs. O'K. *(in amazement)* To you? Prove it if you can! My husband acquired this house and land, and all of his estate honestly.

Squire. *(shrugging his shoulders)* I admit all that.

Mrs. O'K. *(hotly)* Then on what authority do you claim the estate?

Squire. On the right of a mortgage given to me on board the ship carrying us to India, *(pauses, then savagely)* by your husband!

Mrs. O'K. My husband? Impossible! My husband had no debts.

Squire. Pardon me if I contradict a lady. Please seat yourself, and I will tell you a little story. *(both sit R. and L. of table)*

Mrs. O'K. *(humbly)* Proceed, sir!

Squire. You remember your late husband's regiment was ordered to India?

Mrs. O'K. I do.

Squire. I was lieutenant in his company. Your husband, like most soldiers, was a desperate gambler. Are you following me closely?

Mrs. O'K. I am.

Squire. On board the vessel, we had nothing to pass away the time with, but by cards. One day three of us sat down to play, your husband, Murty Tobin and myself. Before your husband quitted the game, he owed me a large sum of money. In payment he gave me a mortgage on his home. Con O'Ragen and Murty Tobin were the witnesses.

Mrs. O'K. *(sadly)* Poor Patrick, how could you be so foolish, as to put yourself in this monster's power.

Squire. Now, what I propose to do, is this: Give me Norah in marriage, and on the day she becomes my wife, I will place the mortgage in her hands.

Mrs. O'K. (vehemently) I would sooner die first.

Squire. (sharply) Have a care madam. A marriage with me secures your home. A refusal, and you are both beggars.

Mrs. O'K. (supplicatingly) Man! man! have you no mercy?

Squire. No mercy to such as you. I await your answer.

Mrs. O'K. Will nothing satisfy you? Be merciful, I ask not mercy for myself, but for my child.

Squire. Quick, your answer.

Mrs. O'K. How can I consent? Norah was abducted last night, and no one knows where she is. If she was only here.

Squire. I promise you this much. Norah shall be returned safe and unharmed, just as soon as you give your consent. Refuse and you never see your child again.

Mrs. O'K. (sobbing) I—I Oh! my God! must I yield to this monster?

Squire. (impatiently) I await your answer, madam.

Mrs. O'K. (sobbing) God help me, I consent!

Squire. (triumphantly) Good! you have done well. Your daughter shall be returned to you within twenty-four hours. For the present, adieu. *(exit, R.)*

Mrs. O'K. Oh! God, what have I done? Have I done right in yielding to this man? But I—I consented to save my poor child from poverty and the pangs of hunger. *(suddenly)* The mortgage; he said Con was one of the witnesses. Con never told me of it. I'll go and find him and see if it is true.

Enter, CON, R. E.

Con. Cheer up ma'm, we'll yet find the colleen, or kill Squire Corrigan.

Mrs. O'K. Con, I wish to ask you a question. I want a direct answer.

Con. (aside) There's goin' to be thruble here in a minute. *(aloud)* What is it ma'm?

Mrs. O'K. Were you one of the witnesses to a mortgage given by my husband, to Corrigan?

Con. (aside) How the divil can I git out of it. *(aloud)* Ye see ma'm—

Mrs. O'K. (sternly) Your answer, Con O'Ragen.

Con. (dejectedly) I was.

Mrs. O'K. Then heaven help me, all is lost.

(faints—falls into chair)

Con. The woman has fainted. *(calls)* Maureen, come here quick!

Enter, MAUREEN, R. E.

Man. What's the matter?

(goes to MRS. O'KELLEY)

Con. Yer mistress has fainted. Tell her, she'll niver see me again, until this plot is all cleared up.

Ma. (rubbing MRS. O'KELLEY'S hands) Where are you going?

Con. To hunt down the "Fox" an' his masther. *(exit, R.)*

SCENE II.—Same as Act I, Scene II.

Enter, CORRIGAN and MURTY, R. E.

Murty. An' she consents, does she?

Squire. Yes!

Murty. Did she make any fuss about the paper?

Squire. She wouldn't believe it at first, until I told her Con was one of the witnesses. After that she had no more to say.

Murty. It's lucky for us Con O'Regan didn't pay much attention to the game. Had he done so, he would have seen how the Colonel was being cheated.

Squire. (in a frightened tone) Never speak of that again. The Colonel was killed in India, and no one now can prove that the mortgage is not legal.

Murty. Except Con.

Squire. He knows nothing of the plot; but I wish to speak to you of a very different thing. Last night, when we abducted Norah, in the struggle with the girl, I lost a very important letter.

Murty. What was the letter about?

Squire. The one you brought me the other night, from the smuggler.

Murty. (in a startled tone) Merciful God! Squire, don't say ye have lost it?

Squire. (coolly) I have though, or else it's been stolen.

Murty. Then all is lost.

Squire. I searched the ground around the old ruined chapel, but could not find it.

Murty. (despairingly) If the letter is found an' read, our doom is sealed.

Squire. We'll have to put a bold face on the matter and trust to luck to defy the enemy.

Murty. It's all right for you to talk, Squire, but if the people once get after me, they'd tear me in pieces.

Squire. I'll see you are well taken care of.

Murty. I'll hold ye to yer promise, sur!

Squire. Now Murty, hasten to the ruined chapel and hunt among the graves for the letter.

Murty. I will do so Squire.

(exit, L.)

Squire. (shaking his fist after MURTY) Curse you, for an infernal meddler. When my plans are all completed, then I will find some means of getting you out of the way.

Enter, CON, R., as CORRIGAN exits L.

Con. Ye will put Murty out of the way when yer plans are all accomplished, will ye? Well, I won't raise me hand to prevent ye from adding one more crime to the list of which ye are already guilty of, besides it will save the hangman a job. (looks off R.) Here comes the young American. That crack he received last night, has taken all the color out of his cheeks

Enter, FRANK, R., his face pale, and head bound with a handkerchief.

Con. How do ye feel this mornin' me brave young knight? That crack on the head has made ye look loike another man.

Frank. The infernal scoundrel that struck me, nearly killed me.

Con. Oh! ye must not moind a little thing like that.

Frank. (in a temper) Do you call such a piece of work as that a little thing.

Con. Oh! we in Ireland, don't moind such a thing at all

the fairs, a man has to be able to handle a blackthorn, to be considered one of the boys. So ye see what ye have missed, by bein' an American, instead of an Irishman.

Frank. (*holding his head*) My head is aching so, I wouldn't care if I was a Chinese. (*suddenly*) Mr. O'Ragen, have you any news of Norah?

Con. Divil a bit, but Bob an' I have a plan on foot for to-night, to visit the old mill. If ye would like to join us, meet me to-night at the gate of the mill.

Frank. I would be g'ad to enter into any scheme that might lead to the whereabouts of Norah.

Con. All right, come on an' I'll see if I can't do something for yer aching head. (*exit, L.*)

SCENE III.—A ruined mill; a squire room with trap door, doors R., L. and C.; lights low.

Enter, MURTY and SQUIRE, R. E.

Squire. Come on Murty, and hold that light steady. Don't let it go out, I have no more matches. We might break our necks if we aren't careful.

Murty. (*carrying a lantern*) I'll be careful, Squire.

Squire. See that you are. Now bring out the late Mrs. Corrigan.

Murty. Yis, Squire. (*places lantern on the floor*) Where's the key?

Squire. (*handing him a key*) Here it is.

MURTY opens door C. and disappears; he returns with MRS. CORRIGAN, who looks pale and weak.

Squire. (*sarcastically*) So my dear wife, we meet again. Are you not glad to see me?

Mrs. C. (*haughtily*) Wretch, have you come here again to steal away my senses with your accursed drugs?

Squire. One more dose is all you must take.

Mrs. C. You mean it will be my last. Monster! kill me at once, but don't force me to take the drug.

Squire. 'Tis for the last time.

Mrs. C. (*beseekingly*) Oh! my God, man, don't be so remorseless.

Squire. Time passes, are you going to take the drug quietly, or must I force you?

Mrs. C. Quietly? Never! I will s'ruggle as long as there is power in my body. Devil do your worst, I defy you.

Squire. Be it so. Murty, are you prepared to act?

Murty. All ready, Squire.

Squire. Then come on. (*both seize her, she struggles and screams; MURTY holds her head and CORRIGAN pours the contents of a bottle down her throat. She coughs and chokes, and finally falls insensible in MURTY's arms*) Now Murty, take her back to her room. (*exit, MURTY, door C., with MRS. CORRIGAN in his arms*) Now to get rid of Murty. In the cellar of this mill, flows the water, which once upon a time, turned the mill wheel; I will hurl him down through yonder trap in the floor, to the cellar. The fall will stun him and the water will drown him.

THE HAUNTED MILL

Re-enter, MURTY, C. E.

Murty. She's slaping like a child, Squire.

Squire. So far so good. Look what I discovered while you were absent.

(shows MURTY a trap door in the floor)

Murty. What is it, Squire?

Squire. A trap door, *(opens it)* and look where it leads too.

Murty. Where?

Squire. Look! *(MURTY goes down on his hands and knees and looks down the open trap, the SQUIRE pushes him in head first; he closes the trap and walks away, then listens, returns and opens trap; listens and then looks in, then walks away and forgets to close the trap)* Curse you, that rids me of a troublesome chap. Now to bring Norah from her place of concealment. *(exit, door L. and returns, followed by NORAH)* I hope you have fared well since last night?

Norah. What is the meaning of this outrage, sir?

Squire. Oh! nothing. You refused to become my wife, and like the knights of old, I carried you to my castle.

Norah. A lovely castle. My mother's old mill, if I am not mistaken. Do you think I would wed such a mean, contemptible coward as you are?

Squire. Yes, my deal girl, you will. Your mother has given her consent.

Norah. My mother consent to such a union? Never!

Squire. Your mother gave her consent this morning, when I asked the hand of her fair daughter in marriage.

Norah. Oh! there must be some terrible mistake somewhere.

Squire. There is no mistake, I hold a mortgage on your mother's estate. Refuse to wed me, and your mother is homeless.

Norah. And on such terms, you ask my hand in wedlock?

Squire. I do!

Norah. Love on one hand and duty on the other. The love of a noble man, and the duty I owe to my mother. Love or duty. Yes, duty to my mother before all else, I will save her, however, detestable this union is, I will become your wife.

Squire. Good! Come now, we will go to your mother.

(exeunt, L.)

Enter, CON, BOB and FRANK, R. E.

Con. *(flashing a dark lantern around, the light of which falls on the open trap)* Sure this is a devil of a place entirely.

Bob. A regular witches den. Full of pitfalls and traps.

Frank. *(throwing a coil of rope on the stage)* I have seen strange things in my life, but this old building beats them all.

(walks close to the open trap)

Con. *(warningly)* Look out there Dalton, ye nearly fell into that hole.

Frank. *(jumping back)* By jingo! So I did! I wonder what is down there? Hello! there's a groan! *(looks down in hole)* It's as black as Egypt down there.

Con. Can there be some one down there?

Bob. Hark! there's another groan. I wonder who it is? *(calls)* Hello! *(they listen)* There is some one down there. Con, get the rope and we will soon see who it is. *(CON hands him the rope)*

Frank. Hello! down there, we are going to let down a rope. Be ready to catch it!

Murty. (*muffled tone*) I will try.

Frank. Here goes then. (*throws rope down the hole*)

Con. Can you reach it?

Murty. (*muffled as before*) Yis.

Con. Hould on then. Ready! All pull! (*they gradually draw MURTY up to the stage*) "The Fox."

Bob. Murty Tobin!

Frank. The devil!

Con. How came you down there?

Murty. Squire Corrigan tried to kill me, by throwing me down there.

Bob. And we saved your worthless life.

Murty. (*bowing*) For which I thank ye, gentlemen.

Frank. We want no thanks from such as you.

Con. (*sternly*) Murty Tobin, ye are in me power at last. Join forces with me and ye have yer liberty, refuse an' ye go to prison.

Murty. (*savagely*) If it's anything to be revenged on Squire Corrigan, I'll do all in me power to help ye.

Con. Where is Norah O'Kelley hidden?

Murty. In yonder room.

Con. Bring her here. Remember no tricks. (*MURTY goes to door and looks in*) She's gone, I can see it in yer look of surprise.

Murty. Yis, she's gone.

Frank. (*in despair*) Not here! Then where is she?

Murty. I don't know, sur! Squire Corrigan must have taken her home.

Con. God have mercy on him if he hasn't.

Bob. Is that all the prisoners this old place contains?

Murty. No! one more.

Con. Who?

Murty. Mrs. Corrigan.

Con. (*in astonishment*) The Squire's wife?

Murty. Yis.

Bob. Liberate her.

MURTY goes to door R. and opens it, goes in and returns with MRS. CORRIGAN.

Murty. Here she is, gentlemen.

Mrs. C. Have you come to finish your cruel work by killing me?

Bob. No sister, we have come to save you.

Mrs. C. (*in amazement*) That voice. Surely, but no—I am dreaming.

Bob. Look, don't you know me?

(CON flashes the light on his face)

Mrs. C. Brother!

Bob. Sister!

(she falls in his arms)

Con. Hurra!

(catches hold of MURTY and pulls him around the room in a waltz)

Frank. Now Richard Corrigan, we have the upper hand and your race is run.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as Act I, Scene I.* MRS. O'KELLEY seated in rocking chair, L. of table.

Mrs. O'K. It's long past the time, when the Squire promised to return with Norah. I wonder what detains them? Can any accident have occurred?

Enter, SQUIRE and NORAH, R. E.

You have returned, sir?

Squire. I have done as I promised. Now Miss Norah, prepare for the ceremony. I will leave you with your mother while I go and summon the clergyman to perform the marriage. For the present, adieu. *(bows and exits R.)*

Norah. Oh, mother!

Mrs. O'K. Norah, my child. *(sobbing)*

Norah. *(MRS. O'KELLEY resumes her seat, NORAH at her feet)* And so you have consented, mother, that I should wed Squire Corrigan. *(they embrace)*

Mrs. O'K. I only acted for the best, my child.

Norah. Heaven bless you, mother. *(aside)* She little thinks I consented to save her from the pangs of hunger.

Mrs. O'K. Squire Corrigan is a rich man, Norah, and will undoubtedly prove to be a loving husband.

Norah. For your sake, mother, I will try to put up with him.

Mrs. O'K. You must never think of that young American again, Norah.

Norah. If you wish it, mother.

Mrs. O'K. I do wish it my child. If we offend the Squire, he might foreclose the mortgage, and then what would become of us?

Norah. Cheer up, mother dear, I will be a true, loving and devoted wife to Mr. Corrigan. *(aside)* Heaven forgive me for telling such a falsehood.

Mrs. O'K. I will send Maureen to you, my child to dress you, for within the hour you will become Mrs. Richard Corrigan. *(exit, L.)*

Norah. My heart is breaking, though outwardly I appear calm. To give up the love of Frank Dalton, almost kills me, but I make this sacrifice to save my mother and the old place from the hands of the sheriff. Dear old familiar scenes, where the happiest hours of my life were spent, but gladly would I forsake all, to become the wife of the man I love, but it's not to be. Duty to my mother before all else. She reared me and in return, this is all I can do to show my gratitude. I do this in obedience to my mother's wishes, although by the sacrifice, my heart is rent in twain.

Enter, MAUREEN, L.

Mau. Miss Norah, I am so glad you are home again, but all I hear about you marrying Squire Corrigan, is not true, is it?

Norah. Yes, Maureen, every word of it.

Mau. Oh! dear, and what will become of the young gentleman from America?

Norah. I have decided not to wed Mr. Dalton, so speak of him no more.

Mau. *(thoughtfully)* Sure, I wonder what became of Con? I haven't seen him to-day yet.

Norah. Poor fellow, won't he be surprised when he hears the news.

Mau. All I'm afraid of, is, he will kill the Squire.

Norah. For my sake, the Squire must not be harmed.

Mau. Norah O'Kelley, would you stoop so low as to shield such a scoundrel from what he so richly deserves.

Norah. (*growing angry*) No more of this. Squire Corrigan is my future husband, and as such must be respected.

Mau. My gracious! Sure you are not jesting darling, are you?

Norah. I am not jesting. I speak the truth. Go and prepare the things in the parlor, for the wedding, I wish to be alone. (*exit, MAUREEN, L.*) Heaven guide me in the step I am about to take. May God in His mercy watch over me, and show me the path in which I should walk. Give me strength, Thou Almighty One, to fulfil the duties of a wife. (*a knock at door c.*) I wonder who it can be? Come in.

Enter, FRANK, R.

Norah. (*in amazement*) Frank!

Frank. Yes! Norah, it is I.

Norah. Oh! Frank, if you don't want to break my heart, bid me good-by and go!

Frank. Why Norah, how strange you talk. Are you ill? What do you mean?

Norah. I mean Frank Dalton, I can never be your wife, though I love you dearly!

Frank. Norah, you don't—but pshaw! You are but jesting?

Norah. I am in earnest. I have promised to become the wife of Mr. Corrigan.

Frank. The wife of that man? Impossible! Did you not also promise to become my wife?

Norah. Oh! God, I know I did, but you don't know, don't understand the events which have happened lately, which threw an unforeseen obstacle in our way, and preventing us from ever becoming man and wife.

Frank. Let me reason with you, Norah. Have I not the first claim on your affection?

Norah. I know you have, Frank, but by the love you have for me. I beg of you, think no more of me.

Frank. (*vehemently*) Never!

Norah. You must! I love you dearly and would willingly become your wife, if it was in my power to do so. I wed Corrigan to save one who is nearer and dearer to me. So now bid me good-by and go. The longer you remain in my presence the more I suffer. Let up part as friends and not as enemies. Frank, good-by. (*sadly*)

Frank. Norah— (*he kisses her hand and rushes off stage, R.*)

Norah. Gone! Oh! God, my life is wrecked forever.

(*sinks in chair and bows her head on table*)

SCENE II.—Same as Act I, Scene II.

Enter, CON, followed by MRS. CORRIGAN and BOB. BOB drags MURTY in, who is pleading and begging.

Con. Come along, I say, bring the blackguard along an' we'll make him confess all or send him to prison.

Murty. (*falls on his knees*) Have mercy, gentlemen, an' I'll tell all.

Con. (*sternly*) Get up ye coward, an' tell everything. Hurry up, me hands are itching to put the handcuffs on yer wrists.

Murty. I'll confess everything.

Con. Start in then. I'll ax the question an' you do the answering. Are ye ready?

Murty. Ready yer honor.

Con. Here goes thin: What was the object of Corrigan in lockin' up his wife in the ould mill?

Murty. He wished to put her out of the way, in order that he might marry Norah O'Kelley.

Bob. Wait a minute, Con, See here Murty Tobin, you were a friend to the Squire for a number of years?

Murty. Sure we were boys together.

Bob. Well then, can you tell me what became of his wife's fortune.

Murty. He has it safe and sound, yer honor.

Bob. But my sister wrote to me, informing me he had lost it.

Murty. That's aisy explained. Your sister gave it to the Squire. (*Mrs. CORRIGAN is seated on log, listening to CON in a dozed manner, who is talking to her*) He told her he had lost it in speculation; but the scoundrel had it safe at home in his safe. The Squire wanted her out of the way, so that he could enjoy the fortune; but as he did not wish to kill her, he imprisoned her in the ould mill, an' began to poison her by degrees. He then circulated the report in the neighborhood that the old place was haunted, How well he succeeded you well know.

Bob. Oh! the monster, was there any crime the villain was not capable of committing? (*sits down by his sister*)

Con. (*jumping to his feet*) It's my turn now.

Bob. Go ahead.

Con. Why did he wish to marry Norah?

Murty. To get the gurl's fortune, of course.

Con. But she has no fortune; Corrigan houlds a mortgage on the estate.

Murty. Yis, but the mortgage is illegal.

Con. Illegal, is it? Don't try to tell me that. Wasn't I one of the witnesses?

Murty. Very true, but did you carefully watch the game on board the ship, that day?

Con. Not as carefully as I should have done.

Murty. If ye had, ye would have seen how the Colonel was being cheated by the Squire.

Con. Did the Squire cheat my ould masther?

Murty. He did!

Con. (*joyously*) Thin the mortgage is of no account?

Murty. The mortgage, which Squire Corrigan houlds, is not worth the paper on which it is written.

Con. Murty Tobin, the news ye have just communicated to me, has lifted a load off me heart bigger than a mountain.

Murty. Thin I have earned me liberty?

Con. Ye have, but don't leave us just at present, as we have further work for ye to do.

Murty. What else must I do?

Con. Before we arrest Corrigan, ye must confront him at the marriage ceremony. He will believe it is a ghost, an' confess all.

Murty. It's a splendid idea, an' one way of bein' revenged.

(*exit, L.*)

Bob. (*looking off R., I E.*) Who is this coming here in such a hurry?

Con. Bless me if it's not Frank Dalton. I wonder what ails him?

Bob. I can't understand him at all.

Enter, FRANK, R. E.

Con. What's the matter man? Ye look as if ye were goin' to yer own funeral.

Frank. (*despairingly*) It's all over.

Con. What's over?

Frank. Everything between myself and Miss Norah.

Con. No?

Bob. Impossible!

Frank. Yes, 'tis true, the engagement is broken.

Con. Did she give a reason why she wouldn't wed ye?

Frank. Yes.

Bob. Tell it to us. Don't be afraid, we are your friends and may be able to assist you.

Frank. (*despairingly*) Well the long and the short of it is, she is going to wed the Squire.

Bob. Wed the Squire?

Con. Oh, murther!

Frank. And as she can't marry both of us, I am the one that must suffer.

Con. Not at all me boy. We'll remedy all that.

Frank. It's too late now.

Con. It's never too late to defeat the schemes of a villain.

Bob. That's so, Con.

Con. Sure I know it is. I've a great scheme in me head.

Bob. Your head seems to be full of schemes. Let's hear your scheme.

Con. To perform the marriage ceremony; naturally the Squire will require the services of a clergyman. Now as Corrigan don't know much about the Parish Priest, me scheme is to have Frank borrow the priest's clothes, an' manage it so as to meet the Squire on his way to procure the priest, an' have him perform the ceremony; an' at the proper time, confront him with his wife an' Murty Tobin.

Frank. It's a great scheme, if the priest consents to lend me his garments.

Con. That will be all right. Explain everything to him, but first of all, tell him it was I that sent ye there.

Frank. I'm off at once.

Con. All right, take Bob an' his sister with ye.

Frank. Come along, Robert.

(*exit, L., FRANK and BOB helping MRS. CORRIGAN between them.*)

Con. (*slowly*) A few hours more an' Corrigan's race is run. He made a strong fight, but like all scoundrels, tripped himself up at the last moment. (*looks off R., I E.*) Why as I live, here comes Maureen.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

Enter, MAUREEN, R., 1 E.

Mau. Con O'Ragen, I'm ashamed of you, and I don't want to talk to you again.

Con. (*aside*) Now what the devil ails the gurl? (*aloud*) Young woman, I don't understand the meaning of such words as you just addressed to me.

Mau. Oh! you don't, don't you?

Con. No! I don't, and furthermore, I wish ye'd explain them.

Mau. Look me in the eyes, Con, and tell me what you see.

Con. A very fine pair of eyes, me gurl.

Mau. You are just as hateful as you can be.

Con. (*MAUREEN pretending to cry*) Now, accushla, don't cry.

Mau. I can't help it. You promise I Mrs. O'Kelley to take care of Norah, and when your protection is most needed, you can't be found.

Con. What's up now?

Mau. Do you know that Norah and the Squire are to be married to-day?

Con. Is that all?

Mau. Is that all? Ain't that enough?

Con. Oh! sure such news as that is ancient history to me.

Mau. You knew of it then?

Con. Of course I did.

Mau. And you never did anything to prevent it?

Con. Oh! I had me own good reasons for that.

Mau. (*wistfully*) But Con, dear.

Con. Yis, accushla.

Mau. What was the great secret you were going to tell me the other day?

Con. (*winking at the audience*) Oh! the secret is it?

Mau. Yes, Con.

Con. You won't tell anyone?

Mau. I promise.

Con. An' you will give me a straightforward answer?

Mau. Yes, Con.

Con. Well, the secret is, that I love ye, an' want ye to become Mrs. O'Ragen, on the day Frank Dalton weds Norah O'Kelley.

Mau. (*lays her head on his shoulder—suddenly*) Oh, Con! Yes, but Con, Frank and Norah are not to be married.

Con. Yis, they are darlin', so come along and prepare for the ceremony.

(*exeunt, R.*)

Enter, SQUIRE, L.

Squire. At last my plans are almost completed. One more bold stroke and the fortune of Norah O'Kelley is mine. All the obstacles have been removed from my path. Murty Tobin is now food for the fishes of the ocean. My late wife must be surely dead by this time. No one will dare to visit the old mill on account of the ghosts, with which it is said to be haunted. Some dark, stormy night I will go there and dispose of the body. No one knows what became of her, and I am sure I don't care. I am on my way to procure a Priest to perform the marriage. (*looks off L.*) Who is this stranger coming this way. I do believe it is the Parish Priest. Yes, it is him. Now to engage his reverence to tie the knot.

Enter, FRANK, L. E., dressed as a priest.

Frank. Good morning, my son.

Squire. Good morning, your Reverence, pleasant day!

Frank. Yes, my son, for which we should return thanks to the Lord.

Squire. Are you very busy this morning, father?

Frank. No! my son, I am not.

Squire. I was on my way to your house to have your Reverence perform a marriage, when I met you now.

Frank. Have the bans been published?

Squire. Yes, your Reverence.

Frank. (*aside*) Heavens! what a lie. (*aloud*) Lead on my son, and I will follow you.

Squire. And you will perform the ceremony?

Frank. With all my heart.

SCENE III.—*A parlor. A room richly furnished—large door in C., doors R. and L. NORAH, in white, seated L.*

Norah. The hour approaches, when like a lamb, I will be lead to the place of sacrifice. All my hopes forever blasted. I have carefully weighed the step I am about to take, and what do I find? A cool, calculating scoundrel, who fears neither God nor man. One, who would sell his soul for gold, if he thought it would better his own selfish ends. And such is the man I am to wed.

Enter, MRS. O'KELLEY, door R.

Mrs. O'K. (*in surprise*) *Norah, here and alone?*

Norah. Yes, mother. When Mr. Corrigan went to procure the Priest, I came here to offer to God a prayer, to watch over me in my hour of need.

Mrs. O'K. You should not give way to your grief so, I am sure Squire Corrigan will make a good and loving husband.

Norah. Mother, speak of him no more, I beg of you.

Mrs. O'K. My child, if it annoys you, I will refrain from mentioning his name.

Norah. Thank you, mother.

Mrs. O'K. I wonder what became of Con? I haven't seen him to-day.

Norah. How I do wish he was here! I am sure he would do something to prevent this hateful union.

Mrs. O'K. I fear it's not in his power to prevent it.

Norah. Still he would try. (*a knock at door, L.*)

Mrs. O'K. Oh! God, I pray it's Con.

Norah. Come in!

Enter, SQUIRE and FRANK, door, L.

Squire. I have brought the Priest who is to perform the marriage ceremony. (*pointing to NORAH*) Your Reverence, this is the one who is about to become the happy bride.

Frank. (*aside*) I am afraid to look her in the face, for fear she will know me and spoil all. (*aloud*) A very pretty girl, indeed.

Norah. Mr. Corrigan, I have a favor to ask of you.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

Squire. Ask anything in my power and I will grant it to you.

Norah. Do not make a rash promise, sir!

Squire. What is the favor you wish me to grant?

Norah. That you will invite Mr. Dalton to be present at my marriage, *(the PRIEST gives a start of surprise)*

Squire. Impossible! I cannot grant such a favor.

Norah. Remember your promise.

Squire. I care not for my promise.

The PRIEST shakes his fist at the SQUIRE, while the SQUIRE is talking to NORAH.

Enter, MAUREEN, door, R.

Norah. Maureen, run down to Mrs. O'Brien's and see if Con is there.

Mau. Yes, Miss Norah.

Squire. Young woman, *(to MAUREEN)* remain where you are.

Norah. Richard Corrigan, it is true that in a short time I will become your wife; but before that event takes place, I am free to do as I wish. *(the PRIEST about to clap his hands and applause, and then remains quiet)* You have seen fit to countermand my orders. I now command my servant to bring Con O'Ragen here. *(the PRIEST jumps up and makes a motion toward CORRIGAN, and then resumes his seat again)* If Con cannot be found, then let the ceremony begin.

Squire. I submit; bring him here.

Mau. Yes, sir!

(exit, door, C.

Norah. (aside) I have been nerving myself for the sacrifice, but at the last moment my heart fails me. I do hope and pray that Maureen will find Con.

Re-enter, MAUREEN, door C.

Mau. He wasen't there, Miss—I met Mrs. O'Brien at the door and she said he was not at home.

Squire. Miss Norah, all is ready. His Reverence is growing impatient.

Norah. (aside) Heaven help me, all is lost.

Mau. I am sure the God above, who knows and sees all things, will not allow such a thing to go on much longer.

Norah. (aside to MAUREEN) I see no way of escape.

Mau. (to NORAH) Well, if you wed Squire Corrigan, I can never marry Con O'Ragen.

Squire. Your Reverence proceed.

Frank. (to NORAH) Are you ready my child?

Norah. Yes, your Reverence.

Frank. Do thou, Norah O'Kelley, take this man to be thy lawful husband?

Norah. (faintly) I do.

Frank. And thou, Richard Corrigan, take this woman to be thy lawful wife?

Squire. I do.

Frank. Before I pronounce thee husband and wife, if there is anyone present who knows why this man and woman should not be united in the bonds of matrimony, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace.

THE HAUNTED MILL.

21

Enter, COX, door c.

Con. I do!

Squire. (*aside*) *Con* O'Ragen. Curse him, will he always be an obstacle in my way; but why should I fear, he can prove nothing

Frank. Why do you object to this marriage?

Con. (*pointing to the SQUIRE*) Because that man is already married.

Norah. (*horrified*) Monster!

Squire. (*furiously*) It's a lie!

Con. (*sternly*) It's the truth.

Squire. Prove it if you can, I defy you!

Con. (*calls*) Mrs. Corrigan.

Enter, MRS. CORRIGAN and BOB, door c.

Squire. (*in a startled tone*) My God! Julia, my wife.

Mrs. C. Yes, Mr. Corrigan, the wife you tried to kill. Your wife once, but no more.

Squire. (*savagely*) Had you been a minute later, the proud Norah would have been my wife.

Frank. (*throwing off disguise*) It would never have been, Dick Corrigan!

Omnes. (*in astonishment*) Frank Dalton!

Frank. Yes, the man Squire Corrigan almost killed in the graveyard.

Squire. I have played a desperate game and lost, but I have one consolation, if I can't marry Norah, I can render her homeless, for I hold a mortgage on this estate.

Frank. Once again we have baffled you. The mortgage is illegal.

Squire. Illegal? Prove it if you can.

Frank. I can and will.

Squire. Do so.

Frank. (*calls*) Murty Tobin, this way!

Enter, MURTY, door c.

Squire. (*aside*) Murty Tobin alive? What if he should have escaped? (*turns and sees him—aloud*) My God, it's him, alive and well. The game is up. I have been beaten at all points.

Frank. Your accomplice has confessed all. What have you to say for yourself?

Squire. Nothing. I took big chances and lost. As I committed no crime, I suppose I may go?

Bob. Yes, to prison with me. I hold a warrant for your arrest.

Squire. My arrest? On what charge?

Bob. Being the head of the smugglers, with which the coast is infested.

Squire. Then you found the letter?

Bob. Yes, so come on.

Squire. What becomes of Tobin?

Bob. He has received a free pardon, on condition that he leaves Ireland.

Murty. Yer no match for me, Squire.

Bob. Come Corrigan, I am waiting.

Murty. And I'll go too, an' see he don't escape.

(*exit, SQUIRE, BOB and MURTY, door c.*)

Con. Hurra! He has received his just dues at last!

Frank. And now friends, as the clouds have all disappeared from off the horizon of our lives, I move that we all go down to the Priest's house and enjoy the wedding banquet, which I have secretly caused to be spread.

Norah. In honor of whom, Frank?

Frank. For you my darling, for I mean to make you my wife to-day.

Con. An' sure, while we are havin' one weddin', we might as well have two.

Frank. Who is the other couple?

Con. Meself an' Maureen.

Mau. Con, how can you talk so?

Con. Oh! it's all right, darlin'.

Mrs. O'K. And before we depart for the Priest's house, I wish to return thanks to Con O'Ragen, for the great care he has taken of me and mine.

NORAH AND FRANK.

MRS. O'KELLEY.

MAUREEN.

MRS. CORRIGAN.

CON.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Home of Mrs. O'Kelley.

Scene I.—"The last Rose of Summer." Con and Maureen. The secret. A love scene interrupted by Norah O'Kelley. The letter, and appointment to meet at the ruined Chapel. Murty Tobin, an eavesdropper. Murty delivers Squire Corrigan's message. How Norah received it. Maureen and Murty. Arrival of Con in time to prevent Murty from kissing his sweetheart. Maureen faints and Con takes advantage and steals a kiss.

Scene II.—Murty informs his master of the meeting at the Chapel. They arrange to kill Frank and abduct Norah. Con's opinion of Murty and his master. Bob Jackson, the detective and Con decides to search the old mill. Maureen and Murty. The quarrel. The attempt to abduct Maureen, Con to the rescue.

Scene III.—The Chapel at midnight. The Squire and Murty, unseen witnesses of the meeting of Frank and Norah. Attempted murder and the abduction of Norah. Con and Bob discover Frank, "Heaven help Norah, for she is in the hands of her enemies."

ACT II.—Same as Act I.

Scene I.—Home of Mrs. O'Kelley. Arrival of Con. Maureen and Con, the mystery of the old mill. Squire Corrigan and Mrs. O'Kelley. The demand for Norah's hand in marriage and refusal. The mortgage. "God help me, I consent"

Scene II.—Squire Corrigan and Murty. The lost letter. Con and Frank, "We'll visit the old mill to-night."

Scene III.—Haunted mill. Mrs. Corrigan, a prisoner in the mill. Squire Corrigan and Murty visit the prisoner, another dose of poison. A trap door. Squire Corrigan throws Murty down through the trap door. "Curse him, he is out of my way." Interview between Squire Corrigan and Norah, who he has locked into the haunted mill. Norah's consent to be the Squire's wife, to save her mother. The raid on the haunted mill. Murty discovered and released, he reveals the secrets of the mill. Meeting of Mrs. Corrigan and her brother.

ACT III.—Same as Act I.

Scene I.—Return of Norah. Mother and daughter meet. Frank and Norah, despair of Frank, on hearing of Norah's intended marriage with the Squire. "Oh! God, my life is wrecked forever."

Scene II.—Murty turns State witness. The mortgage illegal. Frank Dalton. Con's little scheme. Maureen and Con, the secret revealed. Squire Corrigan and the Priest.

Scene III.—Norah and her mother. "The hour approaches." Arrival of the Squire and Priest. The marriage interrupted. Mrs. Corrigan and Murty, unbidden guests. The disguised Priest. "The game is up, I've lost all." A double wedding, complete the happiness of Frank and Norah, Con and Maureen.

THE ADVENTURESS;

—OR,—

LADY EVELYN'S TRIUMPH

A drama in 4 acts by W. Bert Emerson, for 8 male and 6 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of performance 1 hour and 40 minutes.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Home of Sir Harold Courtly.

Evelyn, Sir Harold's second wife. A happy home. "I'm the happiest man in all England." The letter from Calcutta. "Oh! Heaven's, it is from Louisa, my wife whom I supposed was lost in that steam boat accident, three years ago." "My poor Eva, this is maddening." Susan and Pete overhears Sir Harold reading the letter. "We'll help Lady Evelyn." Arrival of Frank Foster, the new Secretary. The soliloquy. "I'll have no mercy."

Belle and Leo. "A father's trouble." Sir Harold and Lady Eva. "No one shall part us." Pete thinks it time to help Sir Harold. Pete steals the Calcutta letter and gives to Lady Evelyn. Her resolve and plan to unmask the plotters. Frank Foster comes to Lady Evelyn's aid and sends for his brother Charley.

ACT II.—A Plainly Furnished Room at a Hotel.

Joe Rice and Rose, the Adventuress, who passes herself off for Harold's first wife. Joe's soliloquy. "So I am to impersonate Dr. Murphy." Interview between Sir Harold and Dr. Murphy. Rose as an eaves-dropper. Susan and Pete overhears the plot to ruin Lady Evelyn. Eva's note to Sir Harold, "I have read the Calcutta letter." Susan and Pete. Pete nearly talked to death by an old maid. Leo and Belle's suspicions of Louisa—"She is not our mother." Frank Foster discovers in Lady Louisa his lost wife—I'll be revenged for all the misery she has caused me.

ACT III.—A Reception Room.

Arrival of Lady Evelyn disguised as Charley Foster. Meeting of Sir Harold and Charley—"Thank God he did not recognize me." The quarrel between Susan and Pete, in which Pete comes off second best. Dr. Murphy and Rose, the midnight appointment. Frank Foster overhears the plotters—"I will give you the merriest surprise you ever had."

ACT IV.—Woods Scene.

Midnight. Joe awaits the coming of Rose, who surprises him. Arrival of Charley—"Lady Louisa, your game is up, I know you as Rose, the Adventuress." An attempt to murder Charley, frustrated by Pete. Sir Harold, Leo, Belle and officers arrive on the scene. Rose and Joe prisoner's. Charley throws off disguise—"Harold, don't you know me." Frank Harris confronts Rose, his wife. "Lost! lost! but the Adventuress will die game." Death of Rose. The double wedding. Susan and the Policeman. A happy ending, as Lady Evelyn triumphs over Rose, the Adventuress.

Price 15c.

A Matchmaking Father.

A Farce in 1 act by Shettle and George, for 2 male and 2 female characters. The matchmaking father has two daughters who are expensive in dress, etc., and it seems to be the only desire of his life to get them "off his hands." He at last succeeds, and the farce tells how he does it. Costumes modern. Time—30 minutes. Price 15c

Santa Claus' Daughter.

A Musical Christmas Burlesque In Two Acts,

By Everett Elliott and F. W. Hardcastle for 13 characters.

A new and sparkling Christmas Burlesque,

Introducing Songs, Marches and many
New and Brilliant Witticisms.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Scene, North Pole Snow Castle. Santa Claus' home. Song of the Snow-fairies. Gussie and the Fairies. Santa Claus preparing for his "night out." The "Directory." "The Dude." Kitty wants to move to the land of mortals, where men are plenty. Santa Claus' advice. Song by Santa Claus and family, "A Model Man." Gussie, "That's clevali, deucedly clevali donecher no?" Gussie's attempt to sing. Chestnut bell. Santa Claus' promise to bring Kitty a man. Astonishment at Kitty's rash request. Caught out on a foul. "I'll bring her a boodler, a Farmer's Alliance man," anything to disgust her with the whole race. Song—Sleighbing song. Departure of Santa Claus for the land of mortals, in his sleigh and fleet-footed reindeers.

ACT. II.—Return of Santa Claus, with an Irish Paddy. Santa Claus and Gussie witness unseen, the meeting of Kitty and "her man." "Do yez chew gum, and play on the type-writer." Song by Kitty, "The Pleasure of Catching a Man." The proposal. "The could weather will make yez a widdy before yez married, so it will." Santa Claus' despair at Kitty's acceptance of O'Rourke. Gussie has an idea. O'Rourke declared King of the North Pole. Coronation song. March by Fairies and Holidays. "The last ton of coal which broke the camels back." O'Rourke ascends the throne. Cigarette or two. Kitty resolves to reform O'Rourke. Tableau. Erin appears. Her appeal in behalf of the Irish girls, beats the world and Kitty isn't in it. Kitty undecided whether to go with O'Rourke or remain, Tableau. Curtain.

Just the thing for a Christmas entertainment, or will make a good after-piccé. Can use as many Fairies and Holidays in the chorus as the stage will accommodate. Time of performance 45 minutes. Price 15 Cents.

Order a copy of

AMES PUBLISHING CO.,

Lock Box, 152, -

- Clyde, Ohio.

THE THREE HATS.

A Comedy

IN THREE ACTS, BY

ALFRED HENNEQUIN,

Translated and adapted from the French

—BY—

NEWTON CHISNELL.

This Comedy is written for 4 male and 3 female characters.

SYNOPSIS.

M. Adolphe Trimadart, who on a visit to London saves the life of M. Dupraillon at a fire, for which Dupraillon is very grateful and takes Adolphe to his home in Paris—Adolphe falls in love with a young lady at a glove store unknown to Dupraillon—During Mrs. Dupraillon's absence from the city Dupraillon accidentally meets a lady—a supper at Clerbois'—an accident as he leaves the house causes him to stumble against some gentlemen whose hats are knocked off; during the scuffle the cry of "police" is heard, and he picks up, as he supposes, his own hat, but on arriving at home he discovers he has a hat with M. Durand's card, while his hat has his own card in—His wife returns and he is afraid she will discover his adventure and supper at Clerbois' with the lady. The three hats cause a great deal of trouble as well as amusement, as the owners, as well as others, get mixed up in the misunderstanding caused by the exchanging of hats.

Price 15 Cents.

Hallabahoola, Medicine Man.

An Original Farce in one scene, by Bert Richards, author of "The Colored Senators," "Fooling with the Wrong Man," "Cupid's Capers," "The Spellin' Skeul," etc. for 4 male and 3 female characters. The situations in this piece are extremely ludicrous; Costumes to suit characters; Time of performance 40 minutes. Price 15 Cents.

The Irish Squire, of Squash Ridge.

A Farce in two scenes, by J. E. Crary, author of "The Old Wayside Inn," "Alma, or United at Last," etc., for 4 male and 2 female characters. This farce is very funny and will be sure to please. Costumes modern and the time of performance is 40 minutes. Price 15 Cents.

❖➤Claim Ninety-Six.❖➤

A Border Drama in 5 acts by Len Ware, for 8 male and 5 female characters. This drama is replete with startling situations and thrilling incidents.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—The Land of Gold.

Scene I.—Toomstone, a mining town in California. Jerry Mack's saloon. Guy Lester, king of counterfeiters. Nell. The toast. Claim Ninety-Six. The meekest man. A plan to steal Charley Grey's dust. Arrival of Major Dolittle, from Kentucky. Nell and the Major. A love scene, which ends in "gin and peppermint."

Scene II.—Charley Grey and Mack. Ebony, the boot black. Ebony's advice. Guy Lester, the octoroon. Toomstone quiet. "Slaves, runaway niggers." Ebony keeps his eyes open.

Scene III.—Sacramento Joe and Nell. Nell's history. The little black book. Nell locks Sacramento Joe in the cellar. Bell and Mack. Guy discovers Mack's secret. "Nigger whipper, slave driver." The quarrel. Sacramento Joe. "Don't pull boys, I've got the drop on ye, and I don't give a cuss."

ACT II.—Home of Bell Mack.

Scene I.—Nell's advice. Ebony tells Nell of the raid to be made on Charley Grey's cabin. "Nell will be on deck to-night." "I golly, dis chile will be dar' too."

Scene II.—Mack's bad luck. A compact of crime sealed. Nell on the war-path. Ebony's fright. "Now I—I—lav me down."

Scene III.—Charley Grey's cabin. Mack and Guy searching for the gold dust. Timely arrival of Nell and Ebony. "Throw up your hands or you are dead men." Escape of the robbers. Sacramento Joe, "I don't care a cuss."

ACT III.—Arthur Brandon's Home.

Scene I.—The lost child. A living trouble. Bessie Grey deposits the gold dust in Mr. Brandon's safe. Guy Lester interviews Mr. Brandon in regards to the Grey's gold.

Scene II.—Peterson, the apple sass man from Vermont, in search of a meal. Ebony and Peterson. Snubbed by Bessie. "Squashed, tetotally squashed."

Scene III.—Mack and Guy congratulate themselves on their escaping Nell's bullet. "Charley Grey's wife will run Toomstone." Peterson and his four barrels of apple sass. "Polly Ann Spriggins." Peterson proposes to Nell. The game of cards, Bessie Grey interrupts the game. The way to Vermont. The wife beater. Mack faces Nell's rifle the second time.

Scene IV.—Peterson, "a thin pair of pants and a light heart." Murder of Sacramento Joe. Nell on the war-path.

Scene V.—The safe robbery and murder of Mrs. Brandon. Nell arrives on the scene.

ACT IV.—Gold Dust Saloon.

Scene I.—Ebony and Nell. Arrest of Nell for the murder of Mrs. Brandon. "I'm not guilty."

Scene II.—Major Dolittle and Ebony. Jennie, the octoroon, a runaway slave, meets her former master. The slave brand. "I could kill you."

Scene III.—Bell's grief at the arrest of Nell; Ebony's attempt to comfort her. "I golly, dis chile's eyes am leakin'."

ACT V.—Street.

Scene I.—Mack and Guy break open the jail and escape with Nell, the prisoner, to the mountain. Major Dolittle and Ebony arrange a plan to rescue Nell. Guy's secret discovered.

Scene II.—Jennie tells Guy of her meeting Major Dolittle, "that cursed mark." Jennie and Nell in the cave. The quarrel, Jennie's murderous attempt to kill Nell, Mack interferes. The secret of the octoroons disclosed. Jennie stabs Mack. Guy and Jennie escape. Ebony and Major Dolittle rescue Nell. Mack reveals to Nell who her parents are.

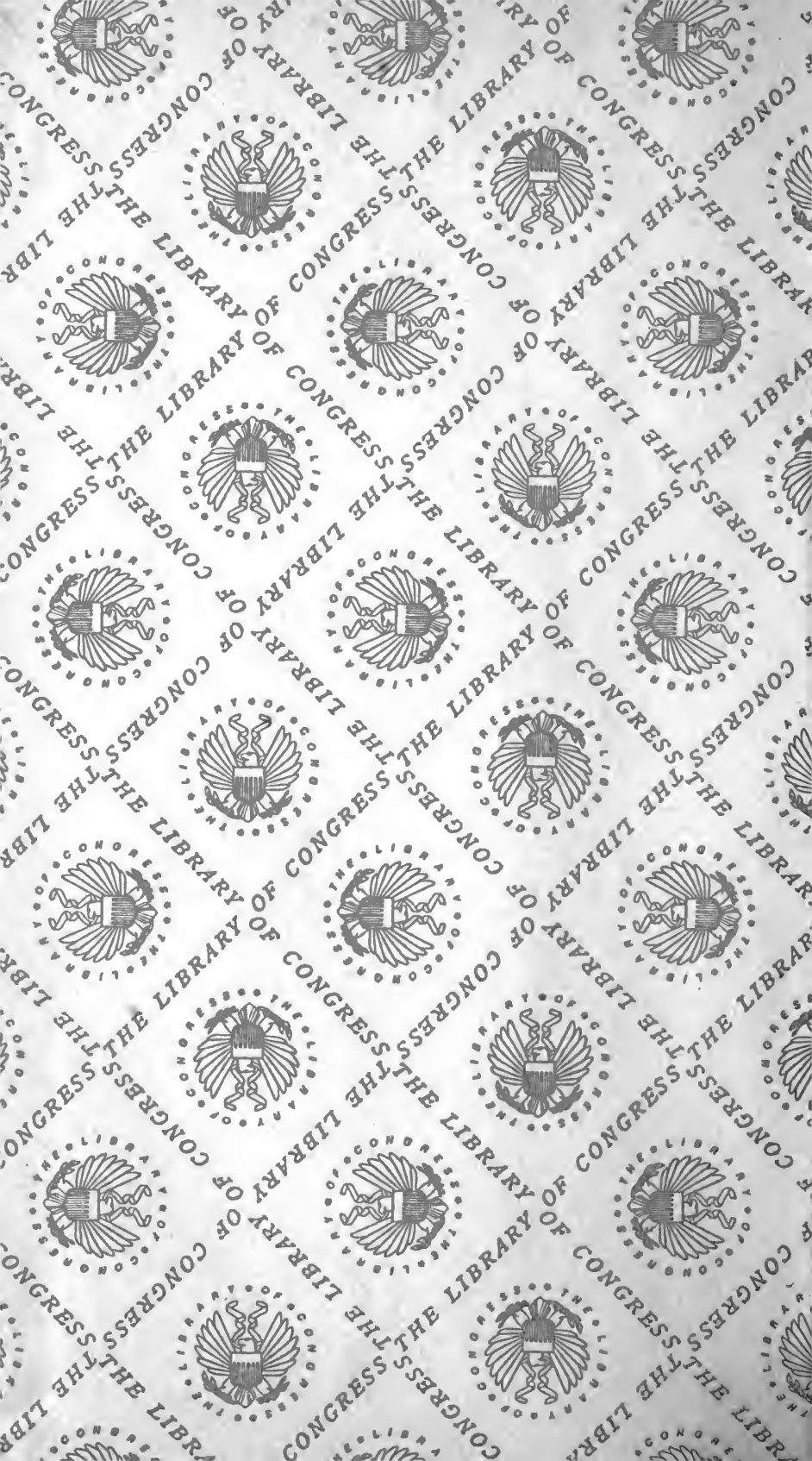
Scene III.—Return of Nell, Ebony and Major Dolittle, to Toomstone. News of Mack's death. Charley Grey regains his stolen gold. Nell to return East with her father. Ebony can't be left behind to be hoo-deced.

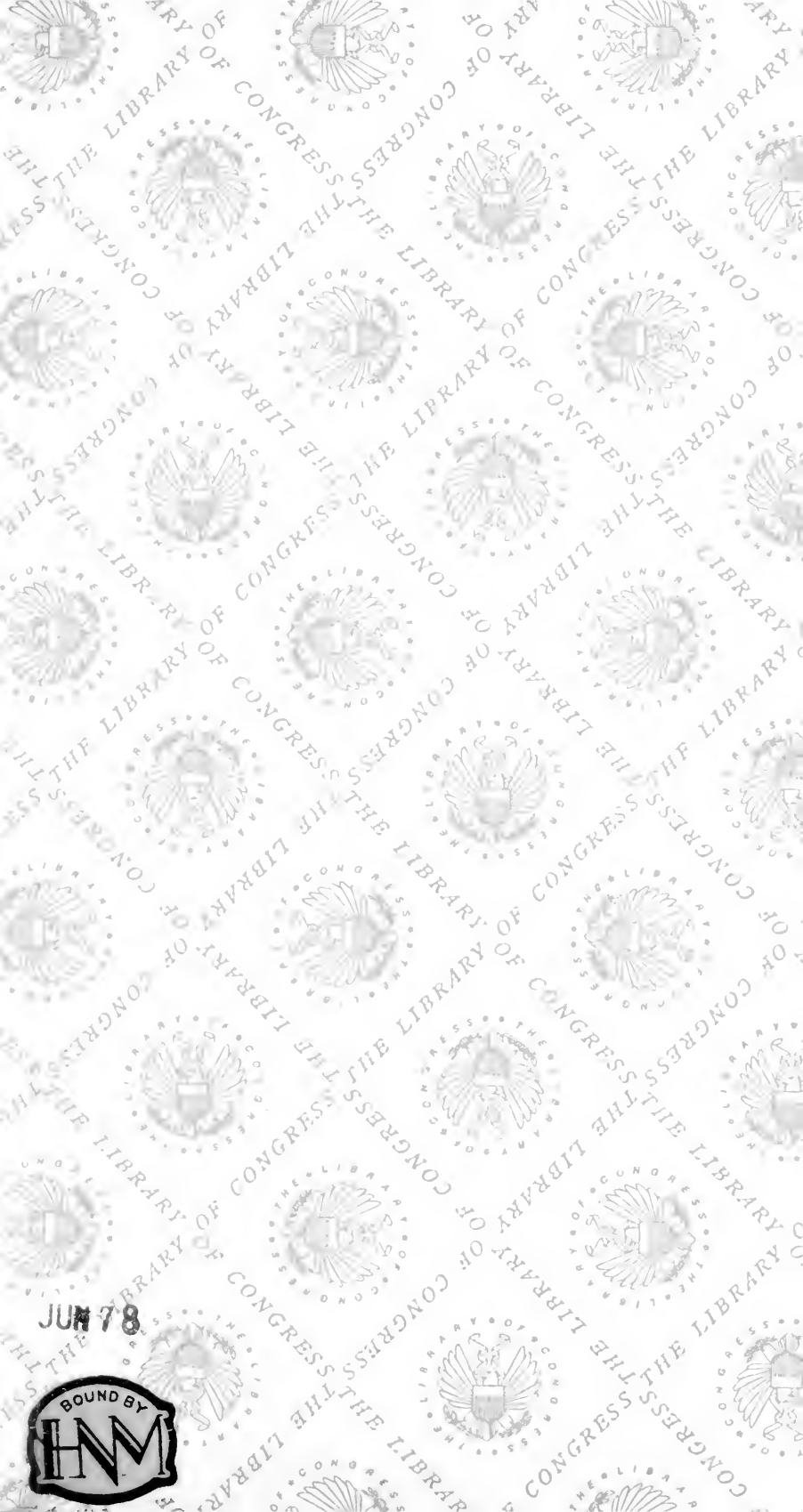
Dramatic clubs wanting a good play should certainly try
"CLAIM 96." Price 25c.

NOTE.—Hereafter the name "Nugget Nell" in the title of play, "Nugget Nell; or, Claim 96," will be dropped and published as Claim Ninety-Six. No other changes made.









JUN 78



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 971 610 7